

TWINS HILL
173 SOUTH MOUNTAIN ROAD
PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

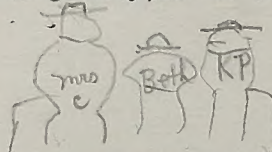
Sunday
August 13th
8.45 PM

1944

Dear Mrs Parlow:

What's past is prologue. What's to come is something else again, but this has been AN afternoon.

After numberless changes and alterations of plans, Mrs.E.S.C. arrived at our house with Kathleen in the back seat,(Sherman driving), and we were placed in previously arranged seats, me in front and Beth in back. We started out for Cummington on THE hottest day of the year, and those capitals are not bad typing either, to hear Kortschak play a sonata recital. The lady had arranged three big cushions on which to rest her center of gravity, and we started out like this:



In Dalton, whoops, my dear, Kathleen lost her hat. I retrieved it easily. Did I mention that we were travelling with the top down and the sun beating down on us unmercifully and relentlessly. Mrs.C. holding a sunshade aloft, as we progressed at 18 miles an hour, by the speedometer. At Wahconah Falls, my gracious, E.S.C.'s glasses flew out of the car. Sherman and I went back and searched for them, when we heard a cry. "We have them". They had caught on Beth's veil and were hanging, really, from her ear.

The heat was the least bearable of the year. Kathleen had to sit in the front row with the lady for the concert. She could practically tune Hugo's fiddle for him. I'll leave the details of the concert for her own telling. We got back in the car and came back to the Wendell where we had dinner, and now, we expect, Kathleen is picked up in a dipper as Mrs C. reads to her in her room. We managed to get out.

So far, we haven't been alone with Kathleen an instant, between the Coolidges, Sprague left this afternoon, and our relations, and I would like so much to have an old-fashioned chat with her. But it is so good to see her and

hear about you all - all our love, Jay

